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St. Johnsbury Caledonian.

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PUBLISHERS.
Opposite the Athenaeum, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

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Situated in the heart of the city. The best located house for business men. Reasonable rates. Table set with the best of the market.

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Travelers' Guide.

St. Johnsbury & Lake Champlain Railroad.
February 7, 1884.
TRAINS LEAVE ST. JOHN SBURY.

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Letter From Boston.

Boston, April 18, 1884.
Mr. Editor: I remember when a boy and living among the Green Mountains, how eagerly we always looked for the weekly coming of the Caledonian; and once in a while a letter from Boston found its way into its pages which gave it a two-fold interest to us. Then Boston seemed a far-away place, a city that we had heard of and dreamed about but had never seen. Now it is so quickly and easily reached from almost all parts of New England that most can visit it and see for themselves. The weather this spring has been most disagreeable. Only a little more than a week ago I saw a few crocuses blooming in the State house grounds but they perished with the storm that came a few days later. However, the season is now so far advanced that we may look very soon for the warm spring weather.

One of the most noteworthy events of the spring in church matters was the installation of Rev. George A. Gordon as pastor of the Old South church, very fully noticed in the papers. Dr. Manning, the last pastor, was installed in 1877, and hence Mr. Gordon's was the first installation in the elegant new church on the corner of Bay-street and Dartmouth streets. The new pastor is a native of Scotland and came to this country some twelve years ago and located in South Boston where he was engaged in the occupation of stone-cutting. He attended the Presbyterian church whose pastor, Rev. Mr. Angier, noticed the young man, that he paid marked attention to the services. Later Mr. Gordon united with that church and also became an inmate of the pastor's family. Seeing much of promise in the young man Mr. Angier aided him in obtaining an education sufficient to enable him to enter the Bangor theological seminary where he graduated in 1877. In that year he was ordained as pastor of the Congregational church at Temple, Me., and after preaching a short time there, entered Harvard University taking a two years' special course of study, going from thence to Greenwich, Conn., he became pastor of the Congregational church there where he preached three years from which place he was called to his present pastorate at the Old South. Perhaps it is not generally known that only three out of the sixty members of the council were wholly satisfied with the pastor's liberal views. However, it was thought best under the circumstances to go on with the exercises.

Dr. Withrow's Friday evening talks at Park street church have been steadily gaining in interest during the past year. They are conducted in an informal way and are attended by many outside of the regular congregation. The subject is given from week to week in advance, so that those who are interested can be prepared if they desire. Several hymns are sung at the beginning, prayer offered in the intervals between the talks. A short passage of scripture is then read and the pastor turns at once to the subject, often asking questions of persons in different parts of the room and remarking upon their answers in his exceedingly pleasant and concise way. For several successive evenings the questions in the shorter catechism have been taken for the subject of the meetings. All who attend them feel that these social talks are very helpful.

The winter and spring have been as full of moral attractions as ever and of the highest order. Each season seems to excel the preceding in the array of talent that appears upon the musical stage. The series of symphony concerts under the direction of Mr. George Henschel have given unusual satisfaction, and when such soloists as Mr. Ernst Perabo, Mr. Carl Lieberman and other talented artists are engaged for the successive evenings little is left to be desired in the way of most delightful entertainment. Mr. Henschel resigns his position as conductor of these concerts with the season just ended and goes to Europe to remain some time.

The operatic season at the Boston theatre was successful and was under Mr. Abbey's management, whose company included Nilsson and Senabich, Campanini and Stagnone. When Nilsson comes to Boston she brings everybody out as she is a favorite. She deserves her honors, for not only is she one of the world's most famous singers, but she is also a true woman. The following incident shows her character in a pleasing way: Some one handed her an album for her autograph, and glancing through the book she saw upon the last page this autograph of her rival in song: "Last but not least, Adeline Patti." Quickly taking a pen she wrote upon the cover opposite: "Last and least, Christine Nilsson."

One of the most enjoyable concerts that the writer has attended the past season was one of the series given by the Cecilia Club. This society is composed of about one hundred and fifty picked voices and is under the direction of Mr. R. J. Lang. Each member is assessed annually to meet the expenses of the club and therefore the tickets are all complimentary from the members to their friends. The club is always assisted by one or two soloists and a full orchestra.

Of the many things worth seeing here surely not among the last are the fine window displays of our large merchants. One of the most beautiful designs I have yet seen is in keeping

Vesuvius and Pompeii.

BY C. E. SHODDELL, D.D.

A glorious morning in Naples, all abroad for Herulanum, Pompeii and Mt. Vesuvius! It is a perfect day for the excursion round the Bay of Naples. Almost and perch blooms within the landscape. The fields are living green; the sea and sky are a rejoicing blue. Everything brightens with the spring. Only the fig-tree sleeps. When it awakes its leaves we know summer is nigh; that is, spring is almost gone. The Campagna is alive with husbandmen. Here are the fields and meadows which Virgil sings, and here the tomb containing the urn where his ashes lie. It stirs the most tender memories, although it is a simple memorial.

In Mantua born, but in Calabria bred, Fair Vesuvius was my foe.

Cicero's villa is also in sight, and the home of Tasso, and the baths of Nero, and the remains of luxurious Roman generals and emperors who came to the warm springs of Baia; eighteen hundred years ago.

The train takes you along the base of Mt. Vesuvius, a white valley among the green trees and vines appearing every half mile, to Resina which is built over the ancient buried city of Herulanum, to Pompeii, fourteen miles away. You spend three hours among the homes of the silent city of the dead, and after dinner, which is provided near the gate of entrance, return by rail to Torre del Greco where you find a carriage and two horses sent out from Naples to take you up the slope of Mount Vesuvius. You pass the Government Observatory, on the foot of the mountain railway. It is a grand ride of three hours, rising by slow degrees up that magnificent cone, the city and Bay of Naples and islands and ocean coming out more and more clearly as you ascend, till you find yourself at the center of a wonderful amphitheater of Southern Italy, with all its charm of mountain, plain and ocean, cottage, palace and cathedral city. You feel that the world has but one view of such grandeur and symmetry and fitness of finish, and that is the one before you, and no other.

Leaving your carriage at the mountain railway, you enter the car. The ascent is very steep, and at one place almost perpendicular. The road makes no curve. The car moves rapidly, and in ten minutes you are within less than a half-hour's walk of the crater. You mount a chair and four stalwart mountaineers lead you through smoke and steam, mist the rambling of the volcano and the melted lava, to the very edge of the bowl, in which, as in a mighty cauldron, the fiery mass seethes and rocks and thunders and fountains. It is terrifically grand. The mountain seems filled with surging fire that rises up every half minute in awful explosion, throwing up columns of smoke dark as midnight, and streaked with lurid fire. This melted matter falls back with crashing, fearful sound, lodging in part on the edge of the crater. Before you are recovered from one stunning sensation, another explosion breaks on you, more overpowering than before, the steam coming up through every crevice at your feet, and the whole summit enveloped in cloud. The red lava, as it is thrown high in air in massive form, seems heated in the furnace of Vulcan, and as it falls back down into the boiling sea of fire, the sight is no more terrible than the noise is astounding. The crater seems like a mighty pit of liquid fire thrown up in burning waves from side to side, scorching, blistering and tearing all before it. How can the mountain endure such a strain? How can the eye bear such blinding brilliancy of vast masses of fire? The crater is two miles in circumference, and you must make the circuit. The terror of the upheaving fire and shower of ashes and smoke and stones does not abate. The trembling of the mountain strikes terror into strong nerves. You remember the tragical death of the elder Pliny nearly 2,000 years ago, and the thousands that have been destroyed since. The explosions continue to deafen you. You remember the lone city of Pompeii where you have spent the morning, and you decide not to spend the summer there.

It is the most sublime scene I ever witnessed. Nothing before ever made so deep and tremendous an impression. It is the most active volcano in the world. Smoke never ceases to float off from it as a lone pennant from the head, and the crater never fails to

show fire to those who visit it; and it may be seen almost every night from Naples. But on this bright day in March it spoke with a tongue of fire and a blackness of darkness never to be forgotten. Its words were red-hot bolts and its periods were ribbons of crimson.

The Government has a house far up the mountain, and telegraph wires to the summit where watchers are stationed day and night to report to the inhabitants who seem to delight to dwell on the slopes below. These sentinels give signals at once of any unusual disturbance, and indicate whether an earthquake is threatened, or an overflow of lava, or merely ashes and scoria.

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He stood up to go. He knew all hope was over. He paid his fare, and went out of the room—out of the house. It seemed to him that things had grown darker since he went in. He hardly knew how he found his way to the cars. It was two hours past his dinner time, and he was faint for lack of food, but he did not know it.

He got to the station somehow, and waited till it was time for the train to start for Monteclair. All the lonely way home he kept whispering to himself: "One month, possibly two," as if it were a lesson on the getting by heart of which his life depended. He heard the conductor call out "Monteclair," at last, and got off the cars mechanically. His wife stood there waiting for him. She had been anxious about him all day.

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